

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By Ronald Richards

THE electro-encephalograph, or in layman's English, the crime detector, is expected in a short while to be used more widely by Scotland Yard.

The first occasion on which the apparatus was used to any effect was when Derek Lees-Smith was found guilty of the murder of his mother. He was found to be insane.

There are, to date, only eight of these machines in the country, most of them in the hands of the L.C.C.

Realising the possibilities of the electro-encephalograph, the L.C.C. placed 29-year-old Dr. Denis Hill in charge, with the task of developing the use of it.

Dr. Hill has already made several important discoveries regarding the detection of abnormal personalities, and he believes that he is on the fringe of more.

He has discovered that children are often bad-tempered because they suffer from some abnormality which causes them to commit petty crimes, and it has been found possible to treat them by means of drugs.

The machine itself is manufactured in America, and the test is a simple, speedy affair. The patient sits in a chair, and electric wires are attached to his head. In action, the apparatus looks something like a permanent-waving machine.

The whole test takes only three or four minutes, and produces no ill-effects. The electrical activity of the brain is recorded by a graph, and any abnormality is shown by fast or slow waves.

It takes psychiatrists at least six months to learn to read the graphs, but having done so, they can quickly arrive at a diagnosis.

THE reason why Buffalo Bill Cody was a dead shot," explains Colonel Lynn Adams "was because he made his living shooting buffaloes for the railway



MONICA

to exhibit one sketch from his very slick collection.

The subject is a Wren. Her name is Monica, and it could be that you've met her. I haven't had the honour, so I can't judge his handiwork on this occasion, though the caricature he did of caricaturist Jack Monk was amateurishly excellent.

Too bad he's so modest. He is a good guy, and I have little doubt his name and picture would have brought back memories of many empty glasses to crews of "Spearfish" and other boats.

IN one court on one day the following was said by wives:—

It is true I told my husband to go to hell, but that is only a pleasantry.

My husband says peas ought to be flat, not round, then he could take them to his mouth on his knife.

Since I have been to work my husband has been most considerate to me; but I know it is only a sprat to catch a mackerel; he is looking for a share in my wage packet.

Love of money has been my undoing. When my husband courted me he said he earned £10 a week, and that is how I was trapped.

I wouldn't say my husband walked out on me; he went on a journey and didn't return.



companies — the companies supplying the bullets. Cody's brag of being better than any other was all bunk. The reason why he was outstanding was that most cowboys could never afford the ammunition."

THIS OLD LADY HAD A MOST LURID PAST

says Russell Sinclair

SHE is very, very respectable time, but Mary liked the idea, now, but her past has been argued with the Privy Council about it. But officialdom did not like the idea. The House of Commons debated it. The House of Lords wanted the terms changed. The Privy Council rebelled. But Queen Mary managed to persuade them all, and the Bank of England became a fact.

She is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, otherwise the Bank of England.

Her birth was the result of a king's thefts, and you have to go back to the time of the Stuarts to get the hang of things. In those days the rich merchants did not have anywhere to keep their profits except the Mint. Charles I found this out when he was in need of money, so he grabbed the surplus lying at the Mint. It amounted to two millions sterling.

Of course, there were protests from the merchants, but Charles had the loot and kept it. The merchants then decided to keep their money elsewhere, and gave it to the goldsmiths to put into their safes. Then trade became so good that the goldsmiths decided they could not handle all the gold—there was nearly a million and a half of it—so they took it to the Exchequer. Charles I died—broke.

Charles II heard about the money and grabbed it from the Exchequer. He was friendly with Nell Gwyn, and she took most of his spare cash one way and another. The merchants raised another hullabaloo and compelled the King to agree that he had taken the coin as a loan, for which he would pay six per cent. But Charles did not keep his word, even as regards the interest. He halved it, and the rich merchants declared that he would never get any more.

Charles II died. There were fourteen physicians at his bedside, and they could not agree on the cause. Some said he had been poisoned, but it has never been proved one way or another.

William and Mary came to the Throne, and started a war with France. They needed money, and the merchants saw the danger sign again. The King asked for a million and a quarter to run the war. Nobody would lend the money.

William and Mary tried lotteries, but these weren't a success; and that was where the pirate came in.

His name was William Paterson, a Scot, and a mystery man. He had been a local preacher at one time, then he went abroad, and nobody knew anything about him until he arrived back in London with loads of money and a record that did not bear too close investigation. It was rumoured that he had been to the Spanish Main and had turned buccaneer.

His own explanation was that he had helped to raise a sunken Spanish treasure ship and that his share was £300,000. But there came to London just after him some real buccaneers, who claimed that he had been one of them over in the Caribbean Sea and the treasure ship was just bunk. Not that Paterson cared. Those were the days of businesslike pirates.

In London, Paterson heard of the difficulties of William and Mary in trying to raise money for the war. He called some merchants to a conference, and they put his proposition before the King. The proposition was simple.

It was that a loan would be granted to the Sovereigns on condition that the subscribers to the bank were debauchery and ill repute. He cultivated eight per cent, the right to vote the most expensive ladies in London, and was a connoisseur of wines.

King William was out of London at the

To make sure that the subscribers would get their interest the Government put taxes on many things—ale, liquors, and other commodities—and gave the money from the taxes to the Bank. The Old Lady got all the gold she could use and more besides, but she still kept on gold-digging.

She used some tricks to keep the people with a proper regard for her charms and powers. In 1745, when the Jacobite rebellion broke out and there was fear of "invasion" from Scotland, there was a run on the Bank by people who wanted their money in their hands.

The clerks had orders to pay out, but to pay very slowly. They paid out very slowly, counting and checking and re-checking every sixpence, while the queue of people lengthened until it reached from the Bank to Ludgate Circus. Then the Bank Governors — of whom Paterson was the first to teach tricks — got wagons and lined them up at the Bank doors and piled the wagons with boxes marked "gold." These wagons were driven round so that the people saw them.

The trick worked. People were calmed when they saw the wagons, and said, "The Bank must have all the money needed to meet our demands." The crowd thinned off, the queue stopped. But the boxes on the wagons did not contain bullion at all. Still, the credit of the Bank remained good.

But there have been times when the Old Lady has been tricked in spite of all her cunning. Charlie Price, one of the past masters of forgery and disguise, tricked the Bank for fifty years. He was known by the nickname of Old Patch, because one disguise he wore was a black patch over his right eye.

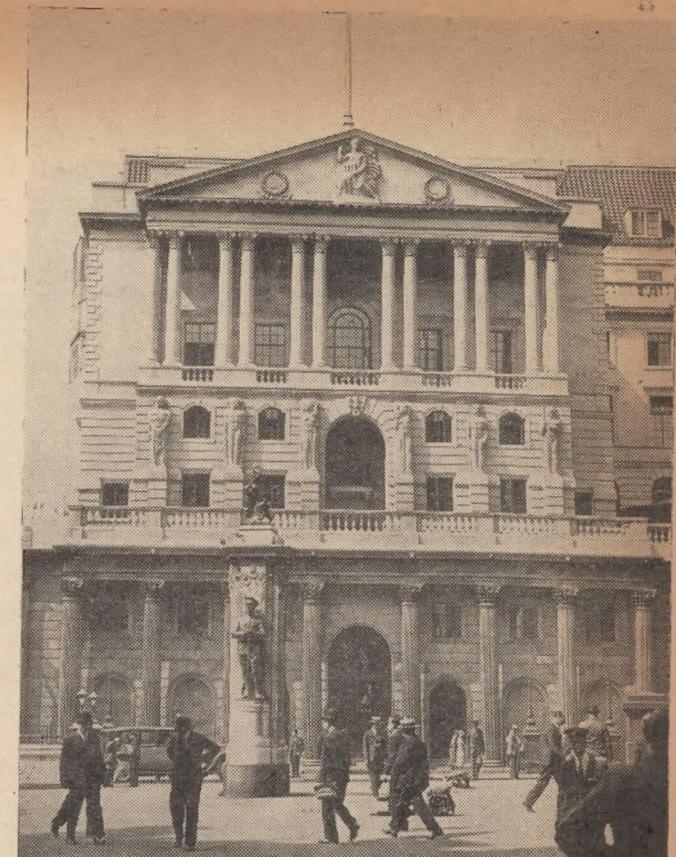
Nobody ever dreamed that Charlie Price, the financier, who was making it was said, about £20,000 a year in big deals, was Old Patch. But he was.

For years the Bank wanted to catch Old Patch. Charlie Price himself ostentatiously helped the Bank to run Old Patch to earth. Once, in a coach in London, Mr. Price denounced a man who was travelling as Old Patch, and had the man hauled off to prison. The Bank paid Charlie Price a handsome reward; then it turned out that the suspect was not Old Patch.

At last the Bank discovered the real Old Patch, and Charlie Price admitted it all. He was then a man aged about seventy. He told the Bank officials, however, that they would never hang him — hanging was the penalty of forgery then — and the Bank officials did not believe him. They wanted to see him dangling in Cheapside. But Charlie Price won again. He hanged himself in Newgate Prison.

There was another man who dangled the Bank for a long time. His name was Henry Fauntelroy, and he was head of a big financial house in the City. He had the face of a saint, and was one of the handsomest men in London. But his night life was one of debauchery and ill repute. He cultivated eight per cent, the right to vote the most expensive ladies in London, and was a connoisseur of wines.

For ten years he forged signatures and passed dodges, covering thousands of castles.



cheques on the Bank. Then he was caught. He was hanged, but he kept his coolness to the last, even placing the rope round his neck delicately as if it were a cravat.

There have been many attempts to rob the Old Lady, and some of them were successful; but about a century ago she began to build great vaults to protect her gold. Then she set watchmen whose duty it was to remain wakeful all night.

Later still, the Directors believed that they had made their vaults burglar-proof, and were disturbed to receive a letter from a man who said that he could get into the billion vaults any time he wished, and he was willing to prove it.

Every Monday was the time of executions at Tyburn and Newgate. The offenders were publicly hanged, and crowds came to see the "Bank's victims" as they were strung up for forgery or passing bad notes. Many of the victims were innocent, except in the act of passing notes which they themselves did not know were forgeries; but they were strung up all the same.

Cruickshank, the artist, one Monday morning was passing Newgate, and was so appalled by the spectacle of the crowds and the dangling corpses that he turned back home and drew an imitation Bank note that made history.

The capital £ was the hangman's noose, and the figures of men and women hung down in a row, while the Old Lady was represented as supported by the forlorn figures of her victims, men, women and children.

The drawing was printed and sold in thousands. It was so realistic that it raised a public protest against the horror of hanging and forced the Govern-

More Home Town News

41-YEAR-OLD BILL PAID. A GRAND example of Highland honesty has just come to light.

In 1902, groceries costing £10 were sent by a Dingwall merchant to a Ross-shire crofter. When the account was first rendered the crofter was being dogged by misfortune. His horse had died, and then he had to use his savings to replace a cow.

He became seriously ill, and wrote to the merchant, regretting his inability to pay. He was told not to worry about the debt. The crofter died, and his daughter, a young girl, found the account.

She kept it until she was in a position to pay, and the 41-year-old account has been settled in full.

SHIP'S DOC. AT 73. SALUTE to Dr. J. Welby Haughton, of Falmouth, who volunteered in 1940 to take a job as medical officer in a large ocean-going steamship, 1812. The new owner is a member of the Stephenson Locomotive Society in Newcastle, covering thousands of miles, with plenty of attention from enemy bombers.

The point is that the doctor was 73, and had been living in retirement for some years, when he decided to go to sea as his war job! A pretty good effort for a "land-lubber!"

STILL GOING, GOING. TICKING away with a sound not unlike that of a grandfather clock, an old silver watch, in a slightly dilapidated condition, was sold to a casual farm labourer in a Morpeth public-house by a hawker, for the price of seven and sixpence. The labourer, in turn, sold it to a Morpeth farmer for 15 shillings. The farmer then sold it for 15 pounds, only because an inscription of five words was discovered inside the case when the farmer's son was cleaning it. It read, "George Stephenson, Engineer, Killingworth Colliery, 1812." The new owner is a member of the Stephenson Locomotive Society in Newcastle, covering thousands of miles, with plenty of attention from enemy bombers.

HOW THE
BRIGADIER
SLEW THE
FOX—PART III

QUIZ
for today

1. A huso is a Chinese soldier, a Spanish ball game, part of a fortress, a fish, insect, snake?

2. Who wrote (a) Round the World in Eighty Days, (b) Round the Red Lamp.

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Shaddock, Medlar, Wrasse, Melon, Nectarine?

4. On what river does Lincoln stand?

5. Where do we find, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made"?

6. What is the county town of Hampshire?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Phlegmatic, Plumeose, Pollemic, Septet, Triumverate?

8. What rank in the W.A.A.F. is equivalent to a Captain in the Navy?

9. Who was Phineas Fogg?

10. What is the date of Oak Apple Day?

11. Hitler was born in 1882, 1884, 1886, 1888, 1889, 1890?

12. Complete the pairs, (a) Stocks and —, (b) Brace and —.

Answers to Quiz
in No. 200

1. Plant.
2. (a) George Borrow, (b) Henry Fielding.
3. Champagne is a sparkling wine; the others are still wines.
4. The Cam.
5. Thomas Dibdin.
6. About forty years.
7. Segregate Fauteuil.
8. Squadron Commandant.
9. Character in Sheridan's "The Critic."
10. October 21.
11. 1812.
12. (a) Peasant, (b) Johnnie.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest.
Omar Khayyam.

Half to forget the wandering and the pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again!
James Elroy Flecker.

JANE



WHAT IS IT?



"DANGER IS NEAR"

I HAD not known it, but one of the bullets from that infernal picket had passed through his body. The gallant creature had never winced nor weakened, but had gone while life was in him.

One instant I was secure on the swiftest, most graceful horse in Massena's army. The next he lay upon his side, worth only the price of his hide, and I stood there that most helpless, most ungainly of creatures, a dismounted Hussar.

What could I do with my boots, my spurs, my trailing sabre? I was far inside the enemy's lines. How could I hope to get back again?

I am not ashamed to say that I, Etienne Gerard, sat upon my dead horse and sank my face in my hands in my despair. Already the first streaks were whitening in the east. In half an hour it would be light.

That I should have won my way past every obstacle, and then at this last instant be left at the mercy of my enemies, my mission ruined, and myself a prisoner—was it not enough to break a soldier's heart?

But courage, my friends! We have these moments of weakness, the bravest of us; but I have a spirit like a slip of steel, for the more you bend it the higher it springs. One

spasm of despair, and then a brain of ice and a heart of fire. All was not yet lost. I, who had come through so many hazards, would come through this one also. I rose from my horse and considered what had best be done.

And first of all it was cer-

tain that I could not get back. Long before I could pass the lines it would be broad daylight. I must hide myself for the day, and devote the next night to my escape. I took the saddle, holsters and bridle from my poor Voltigeur, and I concealed them among some bushes, so that no one finding him could know that he was a French horse.

Then, leaving him lying there, I wandered on in search of some place where I might be safe for the day. In every direction I could see camp fires upon the sides of the hills, and already figures had begun to move around them. I must hide quickly or I was lost.

But where was I to hide? It was a vineyard in which I found myself, the poles of the vines still standing, but the plants gone.

There was no cover there.

Beside, I should want some food and water before another night had come.

I hurried wildly onwards through the wanining darkness, trusting that chance would be my friend. And I was not disappointed. Chance is a woman, my friends, and she has her eye always upon a gallant Hussar.

Well, then, I stumbled through the vineyard, something loomed in front of me, and I came upon a great square house with another long, low building upon one side of it. Three roads met there, and it was easy to see that this was the posada, or wine-shop.

There was no light in the windows, and everything was dark and silent, but, of course, I knew that such comfortable

quarters were certainly occupied, and probably by someone of importance.

I have learned, however, that the nearer the danger may really be, the safer the place, and so I was by no means inclined to trust myself away from this shelter. The low building was evidently the stable, and into this I crept, for the door was unlatched. The place was full of bullocks and sheep, gathered there, no doubt, to be out of the clutches of marauders.

A ladder led to a loft, and up this I climbed, and concealed myself very snugly among some bales of hay upon the top. This loft had a small open window, and I was able to look down upon the front of the inn and also upon the road. Then I crouched and waited to see what would happen.

It was soon evident that I had not been mistaken when I had thought that this might be the quarters of some person of importance.

Shortly after daybreak an English light dragoon arrived with a despatch, and from then onwards the place was in a turmoil, officers continually riding up and away. Always the same name was upon their lips: "Sir Stapleton—Sir Stapleton."

It was hard for me to lie there with a dry moustache and watch the great flagons

ODD CORNER

WHO said, "Too old at forty"?

At 74, Kant wrote his "Anthropology," "Metaphysics of Ethics," and "Strife of the Faculties."

At 74, Tintoretto painted his "Paradise."

At 74, Verdi produced "Otello," at 80 his "Falstaff," and at 85 the "Te Deum, Stabat Mater, and Ave Maria."

At 78, Lamarck completed his great work, "The Natural History of the Invertebrates."

At 79, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote "Over the Teacups."

At 80, Goethe completed "Faust."

At 83, Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar."

At 98, Titian painted "The Battle of Lepanto."

And Commodore Vanderbilt added about one hundred million dollars to his fortune between the ages of 70 and 83.

How do you pronounce "centenary"? The problem has been put into verse:

"Up at the Deanery
They call it 'Centeenary.'
My Uncle Henery,
He says 'Cen-ten-ary.'
But dear old Aunt Mary
Says 'Cen-ter-airy.'
The Oxford Dictionary—
naturally—favours the
"Deanery" party.

which were brought out by the landlord to these English officers. But it amused me to look at their fresh-coloured, clean-shaven, careless faces, and to wonder what they would think if they knew that so celebrated a person was lying so near to them. And then, as I lay and watched, I saw a sight which filled me with surprise.

It is incredible the insolence of these English! What do you suppose Milord Wellington had done when he found that Massena had blockaded him and that he could not move his army?

I might give you many guesses. You might say that he had raged, that he had despaired, that he had brought his troops together and spoken to them about glory and the fatherland before leading them to one last battle. No, Milord did none of these things.

But he sent a fleet ship to England to bring him a number of fox-dogs, and he with his

officers settled himself down to chase the fox. It is true what I tell you. Behind the lines of Torres Vedras these mad Englishmen made the fox-chase three days in the week. We had heard of it in the camp, and now I myself was to see that it was true.

For, along the road which I have described, there came these very dogs, thirty or forty of them, white and brown, each with its tail at the same angle, like the bayonets of the Old Guard. My faith, but it was a pretty sight! And behind and amidst them there rode three men with peaked caps and red coats, whom I understood to be the hunters.

After them came many horsemen with uniforms of various kinds, stringing along the road in twos and threes, talking together and laughing. They did not seem to be going above a trot, and it appeared to me that it must indeed be a slow fox which they hoped to catch. However, it was their affair, not mine, and soon they had all passed my window and were out of sight. I waited and I watched, ready for any chance which might offer.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—156

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ELLFI, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of RIPE PARTY, to make an Irish town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: GAOL into GOAL, DOOR into MATS, GLAD into RAGS, HORSE into RACES.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MARLINSPIKE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 155

1. STONIES.

2. WORCESTERSHIRE.

3. GAOL, GALL, TALL,

TAIL, JAIL,

WHEAT, CHEAT, CHEAP,

CHEEP, CHEEK, CHECK,

CHOCK, CLOCK, CLACK,

SLACK, STACK,

MALT, MAST, PAST, PEST,

BEST, BEET, BEER,

CAP, CAT, HAT, HIT, LIT,

LID,

4. Vine, Tine, Bine, Line,

Even, Live, Vile, Evil, Bait,

Bail, Bale, Able, Bile, Bite,

Bate, Beat, Vent, Late, Teal,

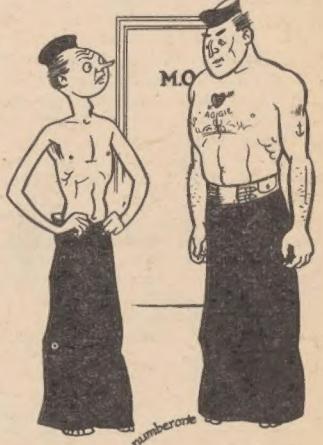
Tile, Neat, Veal, Lave, etc.

Table, Bleat, Blent, Leave,

Liven, Latin, Blate, Elate,

Leant, Eaten, etc.

THREE-WATER WILLIE

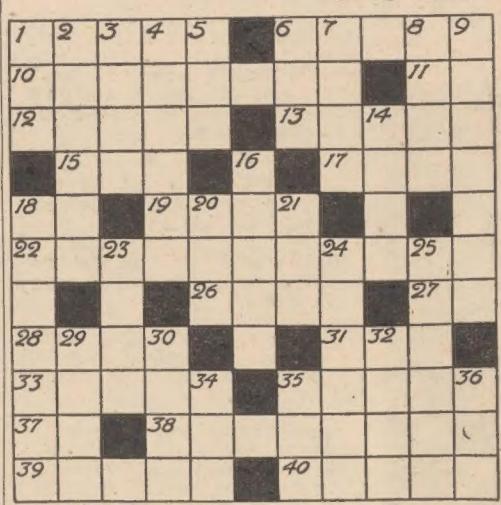


"E just touches you, an' if you're warm you're fit."

Send your— Stories, Jokes and Ideas to the Editor

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

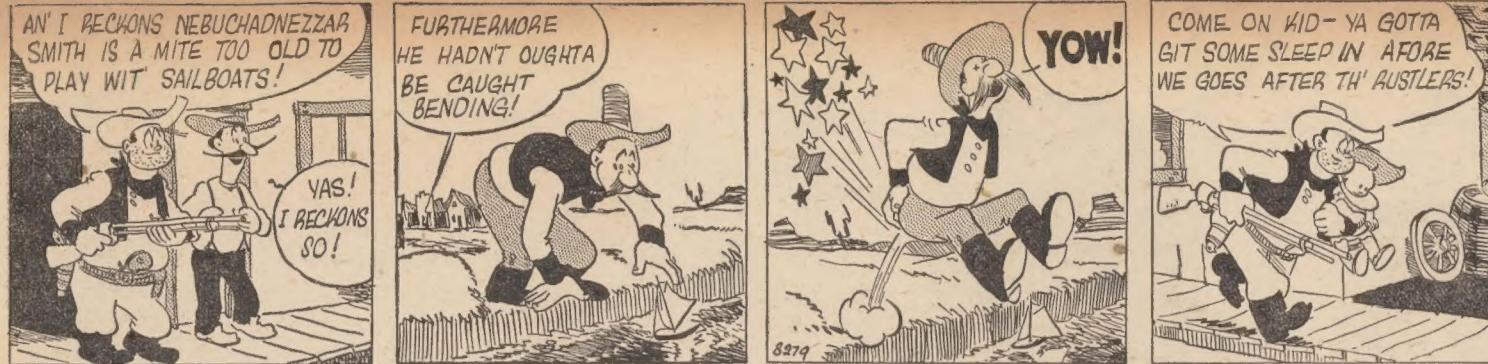


CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Equipment. 2 Press chief. 3 Big book. 4 Make conclusive. 5 Concealed. 6 Garden plot. 7 Consumer. 8 Emporium. 9 Strained state. 14 Official endorsement. 16 Store. 18 Fruit. 20 Success. 21 Nourished. 23 River fish. 24 Find. 25 Belt. 29 Ship's company. 30 Plunge. 32 Individual thing. 34 Plaything. 35 Wheel projection. 36 Ay.

OFF	CRUNCH
LEAGUE	ORAL
DENOTE	DIVAE
L LEFT	PET
HELD	SUMP
ORIEL	E
U ANON	TENT
SKI	WAFT
EAST	T
SLOE	VIOLIN
ENABLE	PEP
ARNICA	

BEELZEBUB JONES



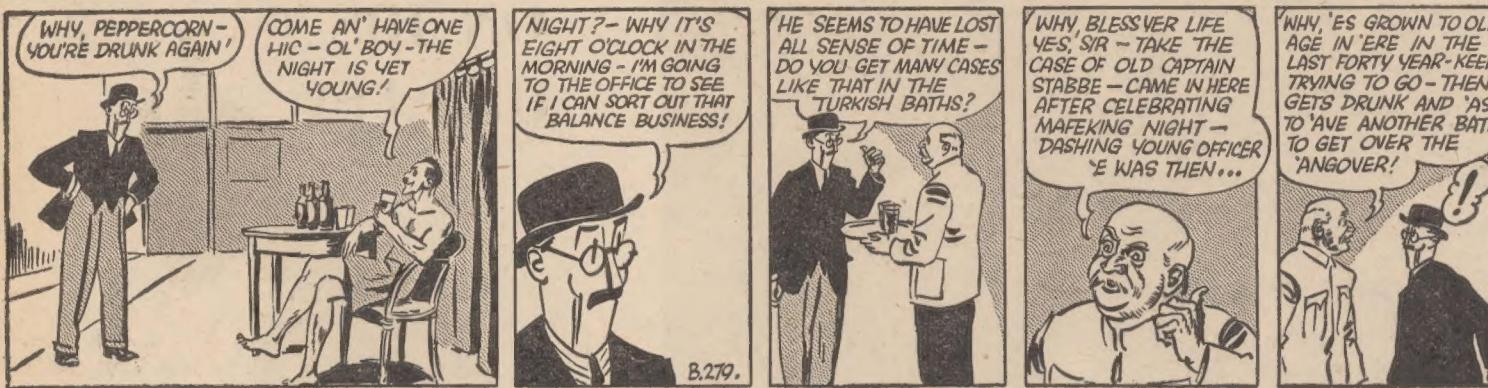
BELINDA



POPEYE



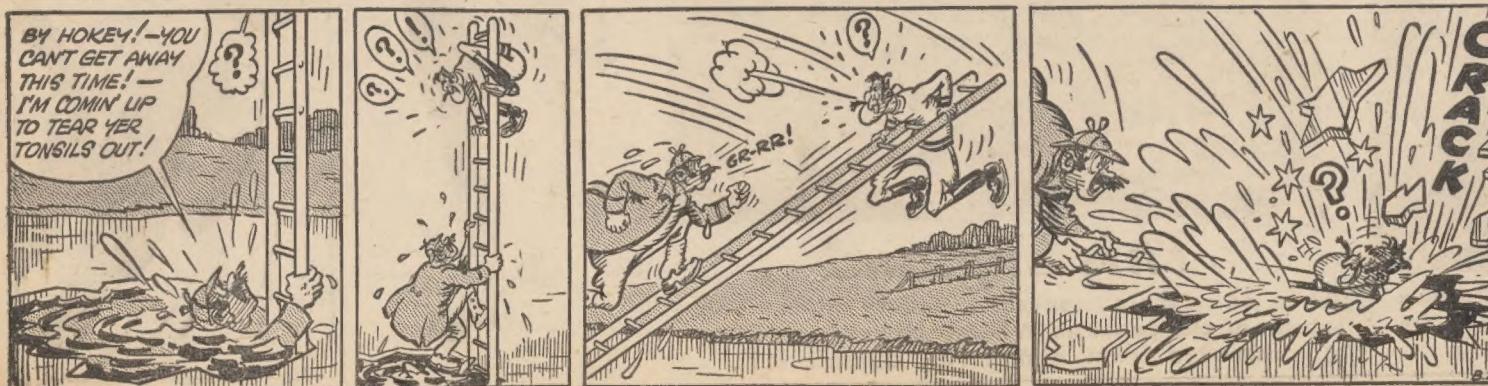
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE WORLD'S GREATEST LETTER WRITERS

By
ALEXANDER DILKE

IN spite of the rise in the cost of postage and difficulties due to war conditions, the output of letters of the average Briton has increased during the last few years, and now exceeds 80 letters a head a year.

Figures for other countries are not now available, but at the outbreak of war the Englishman led the world's letter-writers with 78 letters a year.

The nearest approach to this was the 67 letters a year of the United States citizen, followed closely by 66 letters a year a head in New Zealand. In most European countries the average number of letters was far smaller. In France and Norway it was only 26 letters a head a year.

"All Englishmen, except for obvious reasons English journalists write letters whenever they have a decent excuse," wrote George A. Birmingham, "Americans only write letters when they must."

The Englishman's traditional shyness disappears when he puts pen to paper. Perhaps one of the reasons why the British people write so much is because they look forward to the post with such eagerness. An Englishman hates the postman to pass him by. The famous character in fiction who had no correspondents, and so applied for every catalogue advertised, in order that the postman should not pass him by, is hardly a caricature.

BY THE THOUSAND.

Eighty letters a year gives a rough 4,000 in a lifetime. Some people write very many more. The Rev. J. P. Bacon Phillips stated that he had written 60,000 letters to the editors of newspapers alone, and 8,000 of them had been published. Algernon Ashton, another famous "writer to the Editor," had about 3,000 letters published.

The Rev. Phillips advanced the theory that letter-writing made for longevity. He was then 80. Algernon Ashton died at 77.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, one of the most prolific letter-writers, is 88, and still sends dozens of his famous postcards and letters a week. His handwriting is as strong as ever.

What is claimed to be the longest letter on record is one written some years ago by a Guernsey Linotype operator in a "contest" with a United States boiler hand. The Guernsey man had reached page 150 when he gave up in deference to the censor. The reply was on 200 pages and "unfinished."

These two friendly correspondents calculated that, they had sent each other altogether 1,000 pages, covered by 250,000 words! The American was only one of the Guernsey man's "pen friends." He kept up correspondence with 30 other people in different parts of the world!

If you wonder what these correspondents found to say to each other, mark the words of a famous author. "It is wonderful how much news there is when people write every other day; if they wait a month, there is nothing that seems worth telling." Charles Stewart Parnell put it in another way when he said that most letters answered themselves if you left them long enough.

Many of the world's most famous published letters are love letters. The letters of Nelson to his "dearest beloved Emma," of the Browns, of Lord Chesterfield, of Robert Burns, and many other Britons, are classics of our literature.

Some years ago a girl revealed that during a four-years' engagement she had written 2,400 letters to her husband-to-be, and spent £15 on stamps posting them!

THE SHORT WAY.

In contrast to the long and numerous letters we have classics of brevity. There was Drake's one-word account of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He simply wrote "Cantharides," which means "The Spanish fly." Even shorter was the postcard sent by Dumas to his publisher asking him how his new book was selling. Dumas simply wrote "?" His publisher understood perfectly and replied "!"

The present century has seen letter-writing increase a hundredfold, and the business of "fan mail" developed to the point where a Hollywood star's salary is apt to be calculated by the number of letters received from admirers.

But no Hollywood star has probably equalled the 4,000 letters a day received by Mr. Roosevelt for many years. Mrs. Roosevelt receives about half that number. Huey Long, the U.S. politician - dictator, received about 4,000 letters a week. Three months after his assassination letters were still being posted to him at the rate of 2,000 a week, apparently by admirers who had not heard of his death!

The record fan mail of all time was probably that received by Colonel Lindbergh after his trans-Atlantic flight. When he returned to the U.S. he found 3,500,000 letters waiting for him!

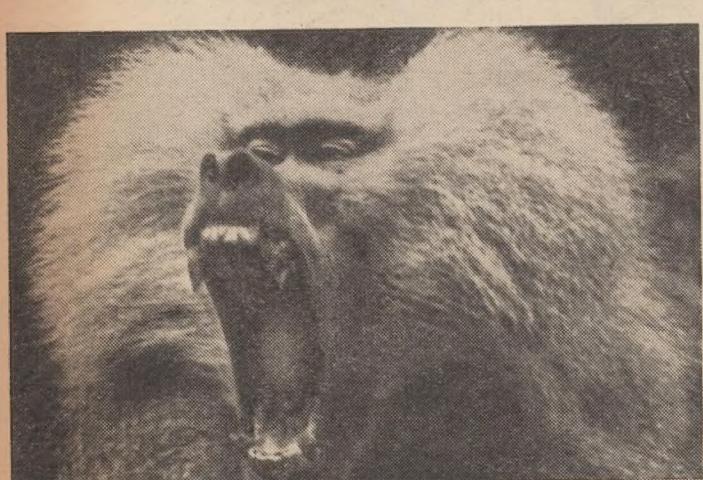
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Marjorie Hoshelle, Warner Bros.' star. Surely we are unanimous about thinking she is just the girl who'd be "So nice to come home to."



"Is that where the pennies go in?" "Sure it is, but I'm much more interested in finding out how they come OUT."



What! A Dictator on the monkey-house? Pardon us, but we didn't hear the Zoo doctor when he said "Say 99."



This England

Even our canals have their beauty spots. This scene of the canal at Whetstandwell, seems far removed from commerce, doesn't it?

ON HIS DIGNITY



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Seconds Out"

